

This image shows a vertical strip of aged, yellowed paper, likely a page from an old book. The paper has a textured, slightly mottled appearance with some minor discoloration and a small tear or hole near the bottom. To the right of the paper, a dark, possibly black, binding or cover is visible, showing a vertical crease or fold. The overall image is oriented vertically.

From the St. Louis Gazette.
Star of Radiance.
A star of radiance, brighter far
Than all the stars of even,
Shines out, a torch on life's dark path,
Pure as the light of heaven.
Thou art that star of hope and love,
Thou art the Heart of Soul;
Thy charms have touched within my soul
A chord of passion strong!
In thoughts by day, and dreams by night,
At morn, at noon and eve,
Thy form and face are with me still,
In every joy I meet.
There is a world within my heart,
And in that world a throne,
From whence thou never canst depart—
"Thine, and thine alone!"
Believe me, though the fickle sea
Should cease to ebb and flow,
Thine own Cecilia's constant heart
No change shall ever know!
Then tell me, wilt thou be the tree
"Round which my hopes may twine—
In life or death, in weal or woe,
Be mine, and only mine!"

HISTORICAL.
From the New York Evangelist.
The Austrian Empire.
BY REV. J. S. C. ARBUTT.
It is quite remarkable that though Austria is one of the most powerful and influential empires of Europe; though it is surrounded with historical associations of the richest and most exciting interest; though it has been the most majestic movements of the most majestic armies; though it exhibits mankind in all its phases, from almost the lowest barbarism to the highest elevation of courtly grandeur; though it is, and long has been, the strongest hold of despotism, and the most powerful barrier against the rights of man upon the continent of Europe; yet but very little is known respecting Austria, even by the most intelligent men on earth, this side of the Atlantic.

The vast empire, crowded with intellectual and inactive life, reposes in silent, sober and solitary grandeur, in the centre of Europe, the China of the Christian world. It is the settled policy of this government, to seclude the nation as far as possible from all community of interest, and from all freedom of intercourse with neighboring states. Ferdinand, the monarch, is in constant dread, that his territories may be invaded by those liberal opinions which are circulating so freely in other portions of Europe, and shaking the deep foundations of the most firmly established thrones. The government, whose despotic principles are embodied in that most crafty of Statesmen, Prince Metternich, laboring systematically to roll back the tide of civilization, Austria is at the head of that misnamed "Holy Alliance," which constitutes the most formidable conspiracy, ever entered into against the liberties of mankind. It has been well said, by a distinguished political writer, that "there is something characteristically and obscure in the movements and policy of Austria. The dull monotony of her existence, her affected gravity, the silence which reigns over the vast extent of her territory, and the uninterrupted luxury of her capital, have repelled curiosity, and almost disarmed censure."

This powerful monarchy, with a territory superior, and a population equal to that of France, is composed of four distinct nations, each speaking different languages, and governed by widely varying customs and laws. There is Hungary, a world by itself, gloomy in its untamed, uncivilized wilderness; where the rocky castles of proud barons still tower upon the cliffs as stable, as impregnable, as some of their semi-barbarian glooms, as in the darkest morning of the dark ages; and courtly men and high born dames move in those feudal halls, while the menial serfs, retaining the dress, the manners and the mind of generations long since buried in oblivion, hover for protection in their miserable hovels around their lord; proud of their servitude, desiring no change, and never dreaming that they were born for a noble destiny. Hungary in the twelfth century, dwelling in the nineteenth, is a picture of the middle ages framed in central Europe.

There is Bohemia, with its obsequious peasantry, its haughty nobility, its nominal constitution, with its mockery of a parliament, its aristocracy, with its shadow of power. Its members, the dishonorable tools of absolutism, can only deliberate upon the means of executing the king's commands, with no liberty to suggest any king, or even to petition for favor or redress.

There is Tyrol, the land of romance and of song; with her betting cliffs, her gushing fountains, her roaring torrents and her delicious mountain rills; and where the traveler passing through the laticed windows, the gathered family kneeling around the humble fire side, in the offering of their vespers praise, or is warned of his approach to human habitation, by hearing the notes of their evening minstrelsy, floating through the silence and solitude of the forest.

There is Austria proper, the nucleus of this vast kingdom, the kernel of the nut, divided by the Danube, Europe's great artery; embellished by the voluptuous capital Vienna, unquestionably the most dissolute city in Christendom, where worldly pleasure in unrestrained indulgence ever holds its high carnival, where noble ladies, frivolous unlettered, are nearly those "pretty nothings" which help to adorn a ball-room, scarcely conscious that they have either reason or souls; where high-born men, exulting in their illustrious ancestry, have no nobler object in life than flirtations, waltzing, and the gaming-table; where all the noblest energies of the mind are crushed by the incubus of absolutism which overshadows the empire, hug the chains which bind them, and never desire of dream, even, of a more enviable lot.

The German, the Italian, the Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Illyrian and the Wallachian are among the conglomeration provinces and empires of this heterogeneous realm. And they are all slumbering together, in utter unconsciousness of the progress of the nineteenth century. And when the Emperor Ferdinand gathered around his throne the thunderbolts of war, and unfurled his eagles, there rally, at the sound of the music of the Austrian bands, the submissive peasantry of these provinces, ready to march to the slaughter for a single day. And they will rally, with no murmurs of discontent. There is infinitely more of political dissatisfaction under the almost boundless liberty of the United States, than exists under the utter despotism of Austria.

The stream of thoughtlessness and gaiety flows in uninterrupted streams through the Austrian capital. Amusements are the object of universal pursuit. The theatres, dancing saloons, and gaming-tables are temples ever thronged with ardent votaries. No man is permitted to take up his residence in Vienna, till he can prove that he is able to live there. He is to be busy through which crowds the pavements of this voluptuous metropolis, or roll in their chariots under the overshadowing elms of

the Prater, the most beautiful park in Europe, may be seen the haughty Hungarian baron, with his gallant bearing, his gorgeous attire, his magnificent retinue and his feudal pride; the mindless, smiling Austrian, without either thought for the future, or a reminiscence of the past; the Bohemian noble, with his only marked superiority over the whole glittering throng; the wily Illyrian; the Italian, polished and courtly, smiling upon the monarch whom he heartily hates, as the conqueror of his country, and in whose breast he would gladly bury his poniard; and the Pole, with a shade of melancholy and self-humiliation mingling with his noble features, as in labored forgetfulness of his country's wrongs, he abandons himself to the mirth-loving crowd. The result of the universal dissipation to which this city is surrendered, may be seen in the fact, that while in London but one in forty-five dies annually, in Vienna one in fifteen is each year borne to his grave. This is a degree of mortality probably unprecedented in any other city of Europe.

The great object of the Austrian government is to crush the spirit of liberty, to paralyze the activity of the mind, and to prevent if possible, that they have anything to do with the government. During the Congress of Laybach, the Emperor of Austria said to the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men, I need no learned men; I want men who will do what I bid them." These wishes of the Emperor are abundantly gratified; for there is not a single great man in literature, whom Austria can claim as her own. There are but few Austrian names to be found upon any of the pages of intellectual greatness.

Much has recently been said respecting the elementary schools established in Austria. These schools are established in a limited portion of the empire, while the millions who people the vast realms of Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, Bucovina, &c. are sunk in the deepest ignorance. And the schools, where established, are but the patent instruments of despotism, for the pupils are not taught to think, but to be servilely submissive to despotic authority. Says a foreign Review. "The system of Austrian education is indeed unique in the history of mankind. The government monopolizes the charge. No one dares to instruct youth, who has not received an authorization to that effect. The books employed must be written by agents appointed to the task, and every word that falls from a teacher's mouth, is a subject of inquiry and interest for the head of that misnamed 'Holy Alliance,' which constitutes the most formidable conspiracy, ever entered into against the liberties of mankind. It has been well said, by a distinguished political writer, that 'there is something characteristically and obscure in the movements and policy of Austria. The dull monotony of her existence, her affected gravity, the silence which reigns over the vast extent of her territory, and the uninterrupted luxury of her capital, have repelled curiosity, and almost disarmed censure.'

The Austrian Empire, No. II.
BY REV. J. S. C. ARBUTT.
The government of Austria is sleepless in its vigilance to protect the empire from any invasion of liberal opinions. A few years ago, wealthy persons and nobles were occasionally in the habit of sending their sons to enjoy the instructions of professors in foreign Universities. The Emperor, apprehensive that some of the rays of civil and religious freedom might thus penetrate his realms, in the year 1819 issued a decree, forbidding the young men of Austria, to leave the empire in the pursuit of knowledge. He prefers that they shall be instructed by professors of the tendencies of republican government, by lithographic prints of the slaveholder flogging a negro. Alas! that republican America should, with so much seeming justice, be thus contemptuously exhibited to the slaves of European despotism.

This prohibition to leave the empire in the pursuit of knowledge, induced some opulent parents to invite learned men, whose minds had been furnished and enlarged by the more free institutions of other lands, to become the private tutors of their sons. And these distinguished strangers were received with marked consideration. The eagle eye of Metternich instantly saw that this was a measure fraught with fearful danger to the Austrian despotism. And hastily, in 1821, another decree was issued by the Emperor, forbidding any family to employ a teacher from a foreign University.

And this decree was followed by another in 1822, prohibiting the distribution of the Bible in the Austrian dominions—that sacred volume, the character of human liberty, and the guide to all that is noble in intellect—which every tyrant fears, and which every profligate hates.—The Romish priesthood devotes its almost supernatural influence to sustain the uncontrolled and irresponsible power of Ferdinand. It may almost be said that the Emperor Austria is the Pope of the time. For that feeble old man, Gregory XVIII, who now occupies the Pontifical chair, is but too happy to receive any intimation from his good friend Metternich, respecting any measures to sustain the civil and religious despotism upon which the thrones of Italy and Austria repose. Not long ago, the Council of Vienna adopted the plan of placing all the elementary schools in the hands of the re-established Jesuits, those ever willing tools of temporal and spiritual oppression. And they now decide who shall teach, and what shall be taught.

The censorship of the press is another effectual barrier to ingress of knowledge. It surrounds the empire with a gloomy wall, which can neither be undermined nor overthrown. Twelve public censors are established at Vienna, to some of whom every book published within the empire, whether original or reprinted, must be referred. And if there be any allusion even to reform, either in the religion or the politics of the country, the book is summarily condemned. The same rigid censorship extends to all foreign journals, which are permitted to enter the empire. No man can take any foreign publication without permission of the censors. And no publication which does not advocate despotic principles can be taken up.

The Austrian Observer, which is published at the capital, is the organ of the government. It contains only those items of foreign intelligence which the Emperor is willing that his subject should know. And its voice is obsequiously echoed by the few journals which, also under vigilant censorship, are established in the provinces. In the whole Austrian empire, containing a population of about thirty millions of inhabitants, there are but eighty-one journals published; a number probably exceeded by the single city of New York. In Protestant Prussia there are two hundred and eighty-eight journals. What a contrast is this upon the zeal of the Roman Catholic church for the instruction of

the people, and for the progress of civil and religious liberty.

Russia, Austria and Prussia, were the three imperial robbers who plundered Poland. All are aware that a few years ago, the Polish inhabitants of a portion of Poland which in the banditti division of that empire became the spoil of Russia, made most heroic attempts to escape from the thraldom of the Czar, and to re-establish their national independence. Nicholas rushed upon the province with his countless legions, and smothered the bold attempt in flame and blood. Some of the Austrians in the vicinity of these scenes of carnage and of woe, sent to their suffering neighbors assistance in provisions and money. The Emperor of Austria immediately marched an army of fifty thousand men into their villages, and quartered them upon the inhabitants. Men of all classes, from the most illustrious houses to the humblest peasants, were dragged before a secret tribunal at Lemberg. Multitudes upon multitudes were sentenced to horrible feelings towards the Poles, were thrust into prison, and even put to the rack, to extort a confession from them.—The dungeons of the Bohemian prisons were filled with the wretched victims of despotic cruelty, where many languished in misery till death released them.—Whenever there is any appearance of disturbance in any portion of the empire, troops are always brought from some distant province to quell it. Hungarian troops willingly shoot down Bohemian peasants—mercenary soldiers from Lombardy man the fortresses of Hungary, ready at any moment to turn their guns against a people whose language they do not understand, and whose customs they despise. Wherever, in any portion of the empire, there are any indications of the love of liberty, the government arrests, and imprisons at its pleasure. There is no habeas corpus act to bring the accused before an impartial tribunal, and the dungeons of Austria are now filled with those who have been thus despotically immured, and who will never emerge till they are borne to their burial.

In the year 1820, the Neapolitans obtained from their king a constitution, securing to them certain privileges. The fears of the Emperor of Austria were immediately aroused, lest his people, incited by this example, should also demand a constitution. And he immediately assured the Neapolitans that he should not allow such an innovation in their government.—They, conscious of their inability to resist the powerful armies of Ferdinand, sent Prince Cimitile to Vienna, to endeavor to avert the threatened outrage. "This revolution," said Prince Metternich, the prime minister of the Austrian government, and the very incarnation of despotism, "is sowing the seeds of discontent in other lands. It must be crushed. Implore your king again to assume the reins of untrammelled sovereignty. Punish the individuals who have promoted the movement. Then will Austria support you. If you find it difficult, Austria will immediately send one hundred thousand troops to help you." Such are the measures which Austria adopts to quell the struggling spirit of liberty in Europe, and to perpetuate, not only in her own borders but in the weaker nations which surround her, the principles of unlimited despotism.

When Napoleon was in his career of successful conquest through Europe, he overran Prussia with his victorious troops, and quartering his soldiers in the capital, took possession for himself and his suite of the sumptuous apartments of the Prussian king. After dismembering the quarters, and scattering his troops, he ordered the people he left the king of Prussia humbled to the very dust, under an impoverished treasury, an army nearly annihilated, and with but the fragments of his former territory. The Prussian queen, upon her knees and with bursting tears, plead with Napoleon not to plunge the Prussian monarchy into such deep disgrace and ruin. Her grief and prayers were utterly unavailing. "The tears of a beautiful woman," said this singular man, "unquestionably are very pathetic, but surely they are unworthy of any consideration in the great affairs of state." This reminds us of the remark of Josephine, that "there were not more than two or three days in the course of the year, in which a lady could have any influence whatever over the mind of Napoleon." Prussian queen soon died of mortification and a broken heart. The great and powerful empire of Prussia was thus reduced to the most abject weakness.

"I have always observed," said one of the veteran generals of Napoleon, "that Providence favors the heavy battalions." But before the windy storms of Russia, with which God frowned upon the armies of France, it was found that there was a power superior even to Napoleon's heaviest battalions. As this imperious conqueror was fleeing, with the freezing and starving fragments of his demolished army, from the disastrous campaign to Moscow, the embellished Prussian king saw that there was a chance, in the final defeat of Napoleon, of his regaining his former territory and power. He issued a proclamation to his subjects, informing them that he had no army and no money to pay for troops. But he promised that if they would volunteer their services, and vanquish their conqueror, he would, as a reward, confer upon them a constitution securing to them many civil rights. Universal enthusiasm pervaded the nation. Volunteers, by tens of thousands, flocked to the Prussian standard. At the battle of Waterloo, when the result of the terrible conflict was in suspense; when Napoleon had claimed the day as his own, and Wellington was uttering the despairing wail, "O that Blucher or night would come!" Blucher with his heavy battalions of Prussians rushed upon Napoleon's already exhausted squadrons, and effected the rout.—The Prussian army marched with the allied forces to Paris, and having secured the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena, returned in triumph to Prussia, now reinstated in all its pristine grandeur.

Pratt and Fruit Trees.
Passing through the village of Flushing, famous for its Nursery Gardens, some weeks since, we learned with pleasure that the business there predominant is very rapidly extending on every hand. The demand for young Fruit and Shade Trees, for cuttings of the Vine, &c. &c. has so greatly increased on every hand that new and extensive plots of ground have recently been planted, and still the demand for Trees presses hard upon the means of supply. A friend engaged in gardening at Brooklyn casually remarked, some time since, that all the Vine plants or cuttings in this vicinity are not equal to the demand for them, and that those set out are usually a year too young for that single reason. Of course, the Nursery men are reaping fair rewards for their outlay and industry.

Yet the number of Trees and Vines hitherto planted is nowhere in this country one-fourth what it ought to be and must be, where land is so cheap and abundant as with us, it is a shame that a single dwelling out of the great cities is destitute of its Vines and Fruit Trees. Fruit is the cheapest, the most palatable, and, used in moderation and at proper seasons, one of the most wholesome articles of food. A day's toil will procure a cart-load of it, where the bargain is struck directly with mother Earth; though the buyer at second-hand often gives the product of a day's labor for a hundredth part the quantity.—A single acre, judiciously devoted to trees and vines, will furnish one-fourth of the food of a pretty large family, without requiring three days' labor of that family in the year, while its daily fare is rendered much more varied, healthful and desirable by this element. No family is so rich that it can properly afford to be without fruit of its own growing, none ought to be so poor as to remain destitute of it.

Our food is notoriously too gross. Much of it is spoiled by the use of salt, and in a region where the choicest fruit grows almost spontaneously if allowed to rot, and you will be regulated on tough steak or rusty bacon for breakfast, with bread (that's what they call it) and so-so coffee. For dinner, meat again—probably pork—and for supper bread and butter with cold meat or smoked beef. Our average farmer's fare is no better. Now all we are aware that this is wrong—that animal food ought to be eaten sparingly, especially in the warm season; and that for children and others who do not perform much rugged labor, it would be better eaten seldom if at all. But all must eat to live, and if they can't obtain the best, they must eat such as they can get. The first mistake made is that of forgetting that Fruits are truly food.—Half the people eat them at other than meal-times—often in the evening—when they are positively hurtful. Nothing wholesome when nothing is needed. But fruits, properly used, in due variety and season, would soon be preferred to meats by two-thirds of the human family if they had a fair chance to become acquainted with them. And immense is the waste of life and health, which would be prevented by a general infusion of fruits into the common diet of our people. But this can never be done until Fruit culture is rendered far more general and thorough among us, so that each dwelling shall be surrounded by its Apple, Pear, Cherry, Peach and Plum Trees, Grape Vines, &c. and every month, both summer and winter, have its abundant supplies of fresh and preserved Fruits. The wise and philanthropic must help to extend the taste for these blessings among the poor and improvident.

Where land is so cheap and abundant as with us, it is a shame that a single dwelling out of the great cities is destitute of its Vines and Fruit Trees. Fruit is the cheapest, the most palatable, and, used in moderation and at proper seasons, one of the most wholesome articles of food. A day's toil will procure a cart-load of it, where the bargain is struck directly with mother Earth; though the buyer at second-hand often gives the product of a day's labor for a hundredth part the quantity.—A single acre, judiciously devoted to trees and vines, will furnish one-fourth of the food of a pretty large family, without requiring three days' labor of that family in the year, while its daily fare is rendered much more varied, healthful and desirable by this element. No family is so rich that it can properly afford to be without fruit of its own growing, none ought to be so poor as to remain destitute of it.

Our food is notoriously too gross. Much of it is spoiled by the use of salt, and in a region where the choicest fruit grows almost spontaneously if allowed to rot, and you will be regulated on tough steak or rusty bacon for breakfast, with bread (that's what they call it) and so-so coffee. For dinner, meat again—probably pork—and for supper bread and butter with cold meat or smoked beef. Our average farmer's fare is no better. Now all we are aware that this is wrong—that animal food ought to be eaten sparingly, especially in the warm season; and that for children and others who do not perform much rugged labor, it would be better eaten seldom if at all. But all must eat to live, and if they can't obtain the best, they must eat such as they can get. The first mistake made is that of forgetting that Fruits are truly food.—Half the people eat them at other than meal-times—often in the evening—when they are positively hurtful. Nothing wholesome when nothing is needed. But fruits, properly used, in due variety and season, would soon be preferred to meats by two-thirds of the human family if they had a fair chance to become acquainted with them. And immense is the waste of life and health, which would be prevented by a general infusion of fruits into the common diet of our people. But this can never be done until Fruit culture is rendered far more general and thorough among us, so that each dwelling shall be surrounded by its Apple, Pear, Cherry, Peach and Plum Trees, Grape Vines, &c. and every month, both summer and winter, have its abundant supplies of fresh and preserved Fruits. The wise and philanthropic must help to extend the taste for these blessings among the poor and improvident.

We wish it were possible to imbue every man, but especially every young man, with the desire of having a taste of his own home to be adhered to through life. Next to the home itself, an earnest overruling desire for one would be a great blessing. There are few vigorous young men of fair capacities who have not missed opportunities to save the cost of a cottage and piece of ground by the time they are respectively twenty-five years of age. After that, with a family growing up, it generally seems and often is impossible to save the first dollar. But within a mile of us there are thousands of young men now in destitution, cursing their hard employers or hard fortune, who have already squandered in idleness and dissipation the cost of such homestead. Many have fooled it away on theatres, liquors and tobacco alone. We know that there is another side to this picture—that the poor suffer much that they cannot avoid, yet which might be obviated. Let us consider both sides also.—But the deplorable fact that thousands who might have been in comfortable circumstances are sadly otherwise should be specially pressed upon the regard of the rising generation.

We wish our Mechanics, Clerks, &c. would every where take to heart the importance of owning a Home; we hope our young Farmers and Artizans of the country will steadfastly regard it. A man who owns the roof that shelters him and the soil from which he draws his subsistence—and few acres are requisite for that—need not envy any Nabob's great fortune. The country mechanic who owns his cot and his fertile acre is well off, especially if he has studied the fruit trees. But our landholders also ought to see the advantage of planting trees vigorously and continually. A house and lot (where the land is not too costly) ought never to be considered complete without its trees any more than though the house were without a roof. A place well stocked with fruit trees is worth far more than without them and will rent for more. Young men! plant now for your ripper years and your children; old men! plant for posterity and with a laudable anxiety to leave the world something better for your living in it. He who leaves to those who survive him only a few trees cannot be said to have lived wholly in vain.—Tribune.

God in History.
The ruins of kingdoms! The relics of mighty empires that were! The overthrow or decay of the masterworks of man is, of all objects that enter the mind, the most afflicting. The high-wrought perfection of beauty and art seems born but to perish; and decay is seen and felt to be an inherent law of their being. But such is the nature of man, that even while gazing upon the relics of unknown nations, which have survived all history, he forgets his own perishable nation in the spectacle of enduring greatness. We know of no spectacle so well calculated to teach human humiliation, and convince us of the utter fragility of the proudest monuments of art, as the relics which remind us of vast populations that have passed from the earth, and the empires that have crumbled into ruin. We read upon the ruins of the past the fate of the present. We feel as if the cities of men were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept, and that we abide in the midst of the same doom which has already swallowed so much of the records of mortal magnificence. Under such emotions, we look on all human power as foundationless, and view the proudest nations of the present as covered only with the mass of their desolation.

The Assyrian empire was once alike the terror and wonder of the world, and Babylon was perhaps never surpassed in power and gorgeous magnificence. But where is there even a relic of Babylon now save the faithful pages of Holy Writ? The very place of its existence is a matter of uncertainty and dispute. Alas! that the measure of time should be doomed to oblivion; and that those who first divided the year into months, and invented the zodiac itself, should take so sparing of immortality as to be, in the lapse of a few centuries, confounded with natural phenomena of mountain and valley.

Who can certainly show us the site of the tower that was "reared against heaven"? Who were the builders of the pyramids that have excited so much astonishment of modern nations? Where is Rome, the irresistible monarch of the east, the terror of the world? Where are the proud edifices of her glory, the fame of which has reached even to our time in classic vividness? Alas, she, too, has faded away in sins and vices. Time has swept her magnificent towers, her glory, and shorn this prince of its towering dimensions.

Her lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time
Hath raised, to count his ages by."

Throughout the range of our western wilds, down in Mexico, Yucatan, Bolivia, &c., travelers have been able to discover the most indisputable evidences of extinct races of men highly skilled in learning and the arts, of whom we have no earthly record, save the remains of their wonderful works which time has spared for our contemplation. On the very spot where forests rise in unbroken grandeur, and seem to have been exploded only by their natural inhabitants, generation after generation has lived, has labored, and passed away; and not only their names, but their nation, their language has perished, and utter oblivion has closed over their once populous abodes. Who shall unravel to us the magnificent ruins of Mexico, Yucatan, and Bolivia, over which hangs the sublimest mystery, and which seem to have been antiquities in the day of Pharaoh? Who were the builders of those gorgeous temples, obelisks, and palaces, now the ruins of a powerful and highly cultivated people, whose national existence was probably before that of Thebes or Rome, Carthage or Athens? Alas! there is none to tell the tale; all is conjecture, and our best information concerning them is derived only from uncertain analogy.

How forcible do these wonderful revolutions, which overturn the masterworks of man, and utterly dissolve his boasted knowledge, remind us that *God is in them all!* Wherever there is turned, to whatever quarter of the world the attention is directed, there lie the remains of more powerful, more advanced, and more highly skilled nations than ourselves, the almost obliterated records of the mighty past.—How seemingly well-founded was the delusion, and indeed how current even now, that the discovery of Columbus first opened the way for a cultivated people in the "new world." And yet how great reason is there for the conclusion, that while the country of Ferdinand and Isabella was yet a stranger to the cultivated arts, America teemed with power and grandeur; with cities and temples, pyramids and mounds, in comparison with which the buildings of our day are the shorn of their grandeur!

All these great relics of still greater nations, should they not teach us a lesson that *God is in history* which man cannot penetrate? If the historian tells us truly that in the hundred thousand men, who every three months, were thirty years in erecting a single Egyptian pyramid, what conclusion may we not reasonably form of the antiquities of our own continent, which is almost by way of derision, one would suppose styled the "new world?"—Literary Epitaph.

C. FOSTER & CO.
Western Printing Press Manufacture.
The Proprietor's Depot, Cincinnati. The attention of Printers and Publishers generally is respectfully called to the new and improved WASHINGTON HAND PRESSES, being the only improvements made in the West within the last few years, all of which we will warrant equal to any manufactured East or West.

All purchases of our Presses can have their names engraved on the extra polished work with-out charge by giving 24 hours' notice. C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor, and builder of the Press with LEVY, SCOTT, & Co. in the city of Cincinnati, established the manufactory of Foster's Presses, (being the only one West of the Mountains) Hand Presses, the Washington, and the "True Press" of all sizes. Also—Chases, Composing Sticks, Brass Rule, Type Cases, Galley, Card Job and Embossing Presses, Printers and Bookbinders' Materials, of all kinds. We will bind French, English, and American Job Type. Also Types for Newspapers, Book and Job Type.

All orders directed to C. FOSTER & CO. care of Seventh and Sixth sts., to J. LEVY & Co. of the Washington Foundry, cor. Vine and Center sts., or to E. SHEPARD & Co., No. 11 Columbia, east of Main street will receive prompt attention.

Castings of all descriptions of machinery in general furnished to order. Dec-28-1

R. M. Bartlett's Commercial College.
S. E. corner of Main and Fourth streets, Ohio. Is devoted exclusively to the instruction of Gentlemen in the Theory and Practice of managing Business, Keeping Double Entry Books, &c. &c. upon Scientific Basis.

NOTICE.—This institution is so conducted as to enable Gentlemen to commence the studies at any time, and that, too, without any inconvenience, either to themselves or any one else.

Requires from six to ten weeks to become master of the theory and practice of the science in all its various applications to business.

Good board and lodging can be had at from \$10 to \$15 per week. Persons desirous of further information can obtain it by addressing a line to the Proprietor, by calling on him at his Rooms any time during business hours, which will be from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M., throughout the year.

The Western Lancet. devoted to Medical and Surgical Science. Edited by L. M. LAWSON, M.D., Professor of General and Pathological Anatomy and Physiology, in Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.

The Western Lancet is published monthly, at the rate of \$1.00 in advance. Two copies sent to one address for Five Dollars, in advance.

To Country Merchants.—CHARLES MAXWELL, SUCCESSOR TO A. T. SKILLMAN, has published "THE KENTUCKY FARMER'S ALMANAC," for the year of our Lord, 1846, calculated for the Horizon and Meridian of Lexington, by SAMUEL D. McCLURE, A.M., author of "Picture of the Heavens, for the use of Schools and Private Families," &c. &c.

Mr. Maxwell has always on hand an extensive assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, including all those in general use throughout the State.

Also, Cap and Letter Paper, Pens, Ink, Blank Books, &c. &c., which he can wholesale very low to Country Merchants, School Teachers, and others.

Published at Lexington, August 5, 1845. 10-41

BARTLETT'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have heard a great deal about this institution, and recently have had our attention called to it more particularly by a magnificent copper plate Diploma which the proprietor has had engraved for the use of those who graduate at his school. There is certainly no branch of knowledge more requisite to men in any kind of business, than that of book keeping and its collateral, Commercial Information. The science of accounts is one easily attained by application under the instruction of a capable teacher, but difficult to apprehend and master without some such aid. Good books upon any branch of human knowledge are valuable assistants but they will not so open a way to the assistance of the living teacher where one is to be had. The instruction of the latter in a great majority of cases is far more economical than books. By his aid more can be acquired of the practical in one month, than can be got by the mere study of a book theory in six months. Hence the economy of securing the services of a known and capable teacher. We have read somewhere an assertion that the majority of bankruptcies occur with men who do not understand book keeping, or if they do, have not used the right knowledge. This is a novel and startling proposition, but we really believe it to be true in very many instances. Men who know how to keep an accurate record of their business in such a way as to be easily understood—and this is the object of all accounts—and who do it, if they are prudent and possessed of good common sense, will never venture into speculation beyond their means. And it is obvious that this system of book-keeping which will most easily inform a man of his circumstances and means is of all others the best. No man doing an extensive business, or even a moderate business, can conduct it profitably unless he does it on system.

These remarks we make to impress upon young men the necessity, if ever they expect to rise in the world, of this indispensable branch of a Commercial education. It is a fact of which too many clerks are either ignorant or careless, that the secret of their total failure to get into business for themselves is for the want of qualifications for business. The respective situations of hundreds is evidence of their truth. While some who have acquired a commercial education, and are qualified to conduct the affairs of their employers receives handsome and in some instances large salaries, and very frequently are taken into partnership or enabled to go on to business on their own account, the majority spend year after year at their desks and yet rise no higher at last. The latter class may be as well and even better informed in a general sense than the former, but it is not the right kind of knowledge which they possess. Greek, Latin, or the modern languages, or physical science, are all well enough in their way but a linguist or mere scholar is not necessarily an accountant. Every business man is commercially an educated man.

We are led to make these remarks from a desire to fix the attention of young men upon an important fact which they too often overlook, to the loss of years of invaluable time and point out an institution where they can obtain a knowledge of the Principles of Accounts, and their application in practice in a superior manner. "Time is money," and if for a reasonable sum of the latter, they can save a great deal of the former, it needs no argument to show that great economy is attained by the outlay.—The Institution of Mr. BARTLETT, at Cincinnati, is spoken of in the highest terms by hundreds who have studied in it, and have been prepared by the course of instruction pursued, to enter the counting-house intelligently qualified to understand the task of Book keeping. Mr. B. formerly conducted a Commercial Academy in this city, and we have now before us a testimonial signed by forty-eight of his pupils; among whom we recognize a number of our merchants testifying to his ability. He has been nine years in Cincinnati, in all thirteen years engaged in teaching Book-keeping, and in that time, we learn from an undoubted source, no less than thirteen hundred gentlemen, and I not a few ladies, have been under his instruction, and have given their testimonials both verbal and written as to his merits as a teacher. The array of references which he gives to the first houses in the West, is a formidable one, and ought to satisfy the most sceptical.—We presume no one would doubt after making inquiry of a twentieth part of them.

The course of instruction pursued in his College, we understand, is most thorough and critical. We find twenty-eight book-keepers in Cincinnati, from his College giving the following statement as to his method of teaching over their own signatures:—

"Instead of making his pupils mere copyists, transcribers, and imitators, his course is entirely practical, with each individual, from the commencement. For each pupil is required to proceed step by step, as if actually in the counting room from the lips and hands of the principal himself from hour to hour—item after item as they naturally occur in the business transactions of the day, a week, month and year.

"Upon this plan there is no evasion or coloring the question—no parrot like responses—no transcribing and imitating the accounts of others, without personal mental effort—but through every stage of its progress, the learner is compelled to think and act for himself and on his own responsibility; and that, too upon the spot of the occasion, for when the principal says to his clerks do this or that, there is no time for studying the art of book-keeping, the duty must be done instantly; and when afterwards called upon to render an account of his stewardship, he must be prepared to do it, without hesitation or doubting, and this none can do, except they build upon the rock of science, against which the shafts of Quackery can never prevail. Each pupil, upon the completion of his course, will undergo a public or private examination (as he chooses). If found worthy he will receive a diploma that will not be questioned or treated with disrespect wherever the fluctuations of life may cast him lot this or any other country."

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
Those who counterfeit a good medicine for the purpose of obtaining a few dollars in their pocket, are far worse than the manufacturers of spurious coin. For while the latter rob us of our property the former take the property, and health and life away from us. WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry is admitted, by thousands of distinguished witnesses, to have effected the most extraordinary cures in cases of a pulmonary and other maladic character, ever before recorded in the history of medicine.

The young, the beautiful, the good, all speak forth its praise. It is now the favorite medicine in the most intelligent families of our country. Such a high and noble remedy, and so easily obtained, which is a substitute, so long with respect to price—cheer the fire side of many a despairing family.

"The true and genuine 'Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry' is sold at established agencies in all parts of the United States.

SANFORD & PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Corner of Walnut & Fourth sts. Proprietors.
To whom all orders must be addressed.

SOLD IN KENTUCKY BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:
A. T. Hays, Lexington; Sisson & Sharp, Maysville; W. D. Grutcher, Frankfort; J. L. Sneed, Harrodsburg; Chandler & Egan, Lebanon; H. T. Smith, Greensburg; J. J. Younglove, Bowling Green; Hoppe & Campbell, Hopkinsville; W. A. Hickman & Co., Bardonia; W. L. Smith, Paducah; and J. B. Wilder & Co., Louisville; and by regular Agents established at all important towns throughout the State.

SOLD BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS IN INDIANA:
Thompson & Brother, only Agents in Indianapolis; Ish & Co., Evansville; T. W. Wilcock, Lafayette; Wm. Hughes & Co., Madison; Winstanley & Newkirk, New Albany; Jesse Stephens, Centreville; John Turk, Clay City; J. B. Beecher, Ellettsburg; J. C. Smith, Ellettsburg; Wm. M. Woolsey, Evansville; J. Somers, Vincennes; and by regular Agents established in all important towns throughout the State.

SOLD IN OHIO BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:
Cleveland, Dr. L. S. Ives, Akron; Bigger & Baldwin, Massillon; Wallace & Knepper, Wooster; Collins & Leung, Lima; Sargent & Co., Medina; Dr. Wagoner, Ellettsburg; Wm. Chapin, Norwalk; C. A. Hawley, Painesville; H. H. Fassett, Ashtabula; E. P. Shurgess & Co., Mansfield; C. Cummins, Unionville; J. L. St. John, Piquette; Campbell & Co., Sandusky City; A. Ralston & Co., Toledo; Whiting & Huntington, Columbus; Fall, Zanesville; Kramer, Druggist, Newark; Dr. Brown, Mt. Vernon; C. E. H. & Co., New Albany; A. L. Frzier, Steubenville; E. B. Perkins, Marietta; C. L. Carrier, Athens; L. P. Mergel, Galipolis; J. L. McVey, Portsmouth; A. D. Sprout, Cincinnati; Van Hook, Steubenville; and by appointed Agents in every town in the State.

Sold in Pittsburgh, Pa., by S. Wiegand, Jr. Oct. 1-45.

The Balsam of Iceland, the Wild Cherry, and Pine
of all northern latitudes (and Dr. Wistar's Balsam is a compound chemical extract from them) have long been celebrated for complaints prevalent only in cold climates. Indeed the most distinguished medical men of the present age, have furnished, in every country, antidotes for its own peculiar diseases.

Consumption in its confirmed and incipient stages, Coughs, Asthma, Dropsy, and Liver Complaint, form by far the most fatal class of diseases known to our land. Yet even these may be cured by means of the simple yet powerful remedies furnished above, and which are scattered by a beneficent providence, wherever these maladies prevail.

The case of Thomas Cozens of Haddonfield, N. J., is related by himself, and that all may know its entire truth, the statement is sworn to before a Justice of the Peace.

Haddonfield, N. J., April 10, 1843.
On or near the 12th day of December, 1841, I was taken with a violent pain in the side near the liver, which continued for some days, and was followed by the breaking of an ulcer, or something inwardly, which relieved the pain a little, but caused me to throw up great quantities of offensive matter, and I became so weak that I could do no good; many other remedies were then procured by my wife and friends, and none did me any good, and the discharge of blood and corruption went on to the time I have now, and at last became so offensive I could scarcely breathe. I was seized with a violent cough, which at times caused me to raise much more blood than I had done before, and I was distressed continued in this way, still growing worse, until February, when all hope of my recovery was given up, and my friends all thought I would die with a Colic of Consumption. At this moment, when my life was apparently drawing to a close, I heard of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry and got a bottle which relieved me immediately, and by the use of only three bottles, my cough and spitting of blood and corruption entirely stopped and in a few weeks my health was so far restored as to enable me to go to work at my trade, (which is a carpenter's shop) and to the time I have now, I feel perfectly well.

THOMAS COZENS.

Witness—I am acquainted with Mr. Thomas Cozens, and having seen him during his illness, I believe the above statement to be true. Attest: SAMUEL H. CORRIE, Notary Public.

GLENN CROCKETT, SS.—Personally came before me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the County of Tioga, Co., Pa., and being duly sworn according to law, with the above statement in all things true. Affirmed before me on the 20th day of April, 1843.

J. CLEMENT.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry!
Will